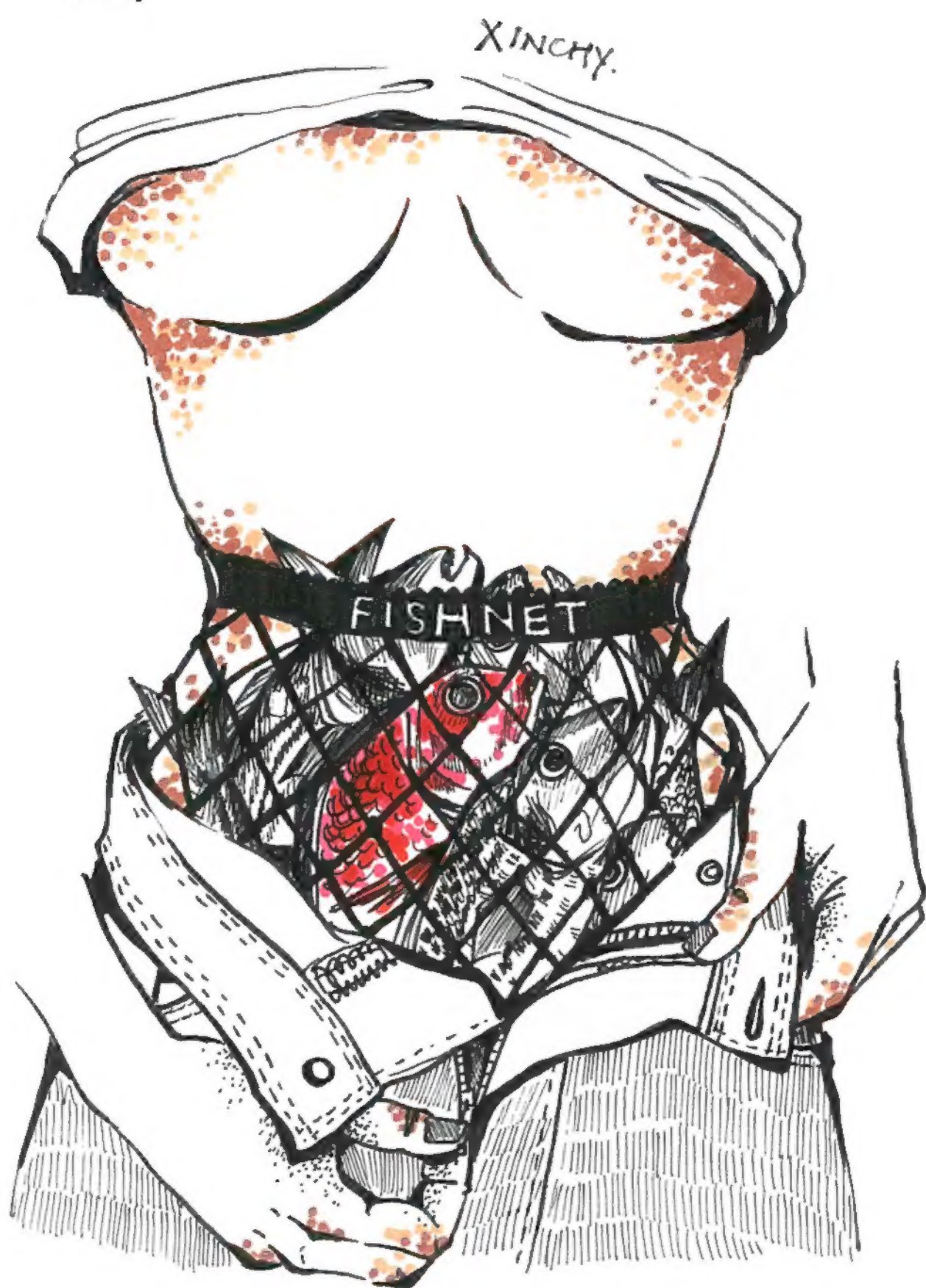


miniMAG

issue10

Journey



樱花裙

泥土望向樱花树说，樱花裙真美
于是风用剩下的春天
买下樱花裙，送向所爱

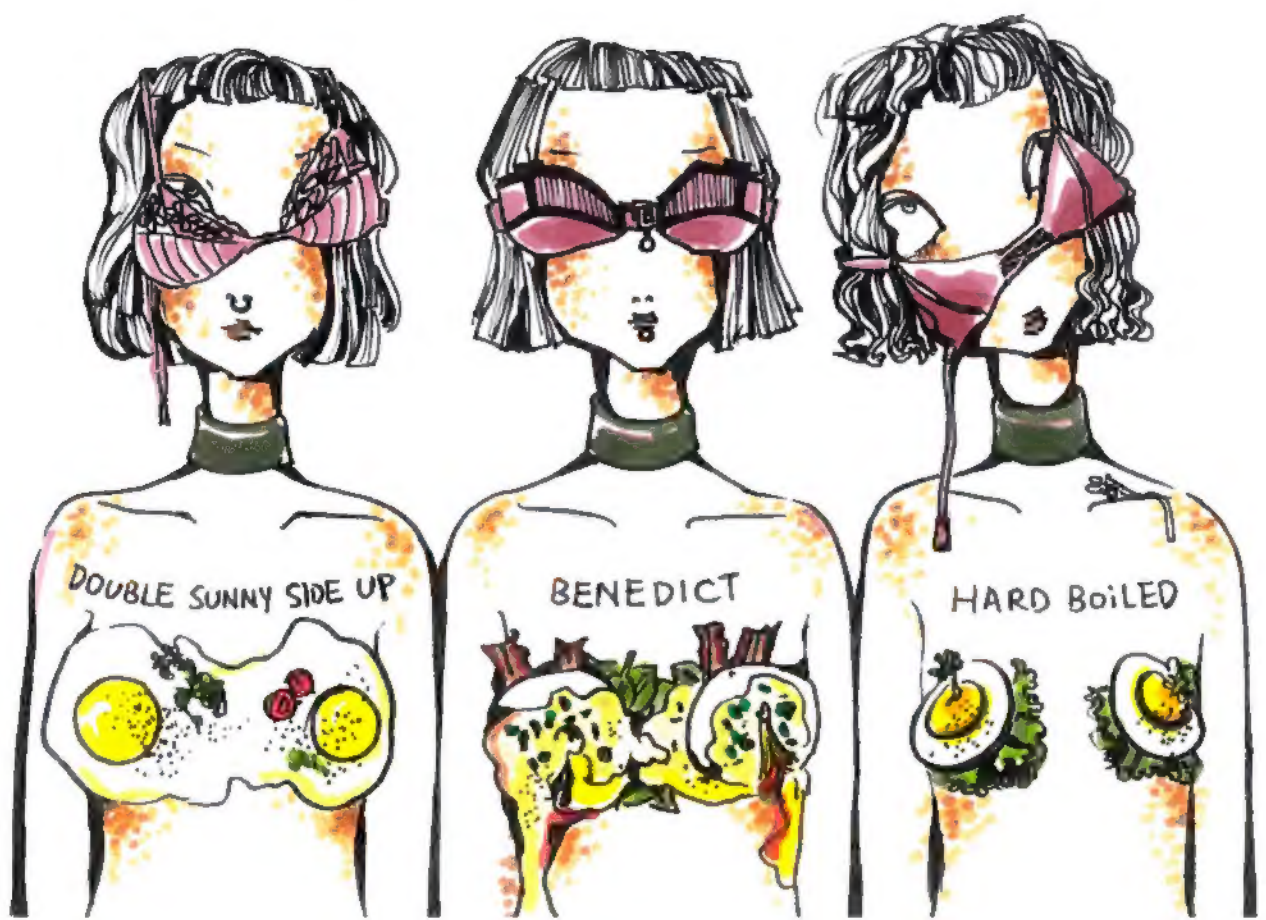
By 又岚



citrus chemtrails from your mouth to mine

I'm listening to the album you bought me for my eighteenth birthday—Lana del Rey's *Chemtrails Over The Country Club*—in a garden shrouded in shadow. Listening to it is an exercise in my vulnerability, and sometimes, I see myself driving towards the end of the world laughing gently, as we run from something that crawls in our veins. I can taste the citrus stickiness of lime in the thick summer air—reminiscent of your sour lips, smeared all over my face with a dozen kisses. I can hear your voice in the wind and in the undercurrents of the drinks you spilled all over me. Your voice is still alive with honey-soaked words laced with poison. I want to drink your voice up. Your voice bubbles down my throat, but I swallow it because why should I choke it back out when all I did was swallow the nicotine in your mouth during our first kiss and then swallowed the decay of love after you stopped half-way during sex and then why stop when I swallowed swallowed swallowed babysugar during sweltering summers that slid down my throat like chemtrails over the country club. I swallow your name because it fills my mouth with strawberries and cigarette smoke. I swallow the tangy mint of your mouth in the rain and in the coffee shops and in undergraduate libraries because your mouth is the only thing I have tasted.

By Brooke Pearl



Love Letters

By Darian Housworth

The wind,
An invitation.
A letter from an admirer
Whose intentions are wistful
And pure.
Signed with a signature
So artful and sly.

Sprayed with the scent of
Pine trees
And water
And breath.
Protected by the wax seal of my mind.

Beauty in the misspellings,
The butterflies,
The morning glories.
Enveloped is everything
I knew to be true.

Between the lines,
Everything I wish I did.
Addressed to me,
And me alone.

I peel back the edges of life
And peer in with wondrous eyes.
Sunbeams
And falling leaves.
I slide out the stationary.
Scribbled on it are the answers,
Of life,
Of meaning,
Of me.

Rainbows and storm clouds,
Memories of Rocky Mountain highs,
And of the ugly rock bottom lows.
An honest gesture from an unattainable love,
Created for me to read and explore.
I hold it tightly to my chest,
Then gently return the paper to its sleeve.

I can not bring myself to reveal the end,
Instead I slip it softly under my pillow,
And I dream of what it reads.

MIA MEETS MIA. LALA LAND MEETS PULP FICTION.



旅行

By 又嵐

一处宁静悠闲的地方
本可以来去自如
因为一些
向往宁静的人
变得拥挤起来

月光

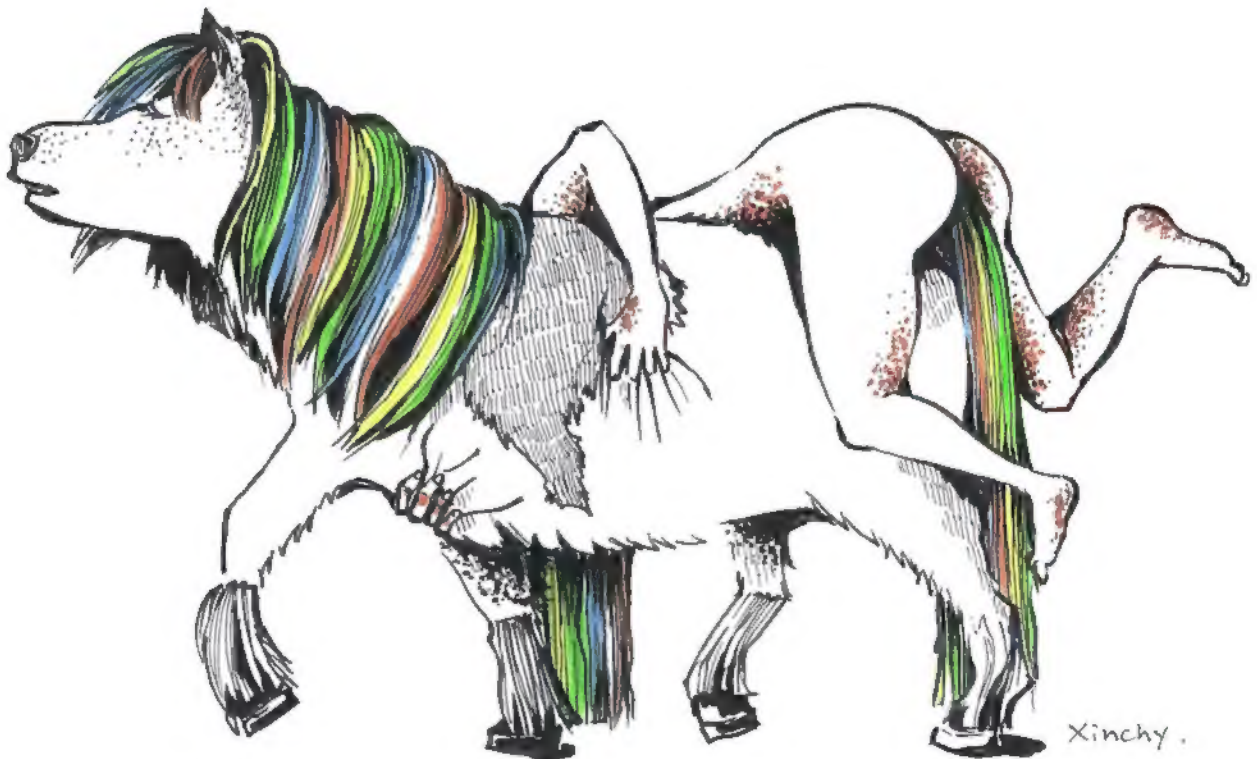
By 又嵐

一点几分
月光靠在墙上
时间绕一圈
月光躺在那
房间里
一双脚底板
在银灰的沙滩上
往返

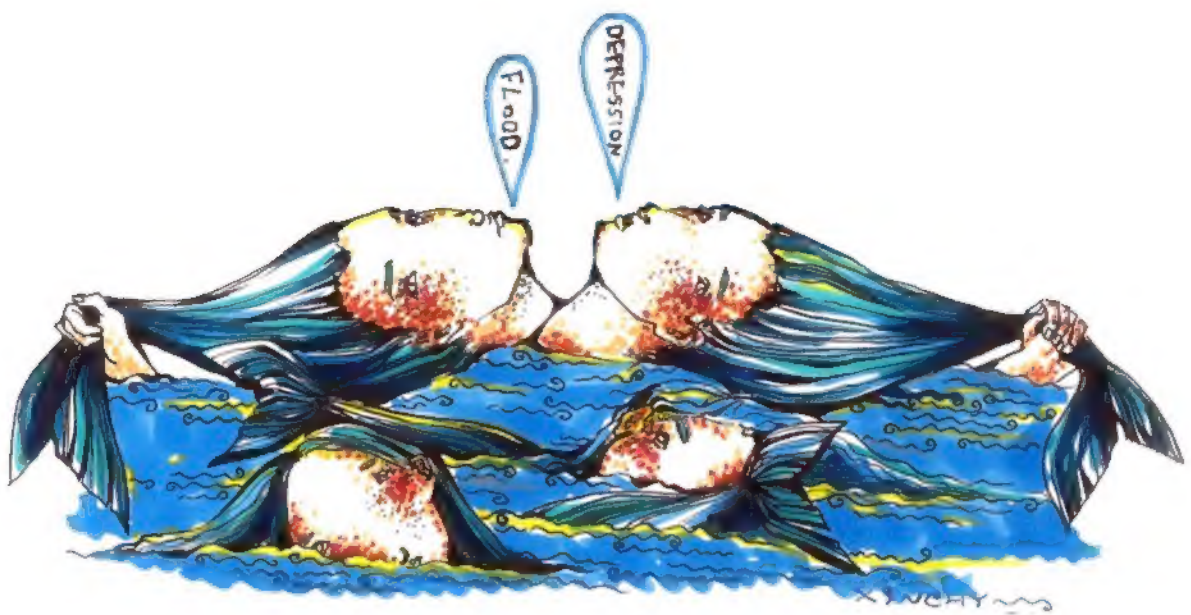
this may only happen once

By Maisie Russel

someone you love enters the room but you don't know love yet, only your heart slowing down the texture of the sunlight holding your arm, the dimple on your cheek; this moment is the dissolution of uncertainty but you don't know it yet, only you hold your cup a little tighter, and the coffee you sip graces all your senses, defenseless in this point of unmaking, you have been created but you don't know it yet, you think you are slipping, terrified of the fall when you're already on tender ground, being held — finally home.







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“this may only happen once” by Maisie Russel

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